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## The INDIANS.—A Tale.

[Concluded.]

TO this he replied, "Though I applaud freedom and elevation of sentiment, though I regret the bigotry and narrow prejudices that disgrace human nature even in enlightened ages, yet I cannot allow that the uncivilized life of an Indian is preferable to the culture and refinement of Europe."

"Away with your culture and refinement," said Ononthis. "Do they invigorate the soul, and render you intrepid? Do they enable you to despise pain, and acquiesce in the will of Heaven? Do they inspire you with patience, resignation, and fortitude? No! they unnerve the soul. They render you feeble, plaintive and unhappy. Do they give health and firmness? Do they enable you to restrain and subdue your appetites? No! they promote intemperance and mental anarchy. They give loose reins to disorder. The parent of discontent and disease! Away with your culture and refinement. Do they better the heart, or improve the affections? The heart despises them. Its affections arise spontaneous. They require no culture. They bloom unbidden. They are essential to our existence, and Nature hath not abandoned them to our caprice. All our affections, as we receive them from Nature, are lively and full of vigour. By refinement they are enfeebled. How exquisite the sensations of youth! In the early seasons of life ye are moved with every tale of distress, and mingle tears of sympathy with every sufferer. Ye are then incapable of perfidy, and hold vice in abhorrence. In time ye grow callous; ye become resigned; your feelings are extinguished; ye scoff at benevolence, and reckon friendship a dream. Ye become unjust and perfidious; the slaves of Avarice and Ambition; the prey of envy, of malice, and revenge. Away with our refinement! enjoy the freedom and simplicity of Nature. Be guiltless—Be an Indian."

Meantime the arrival of some canoes filled with armed warriors, attracted the notice of the assembly. They were transported with ecstasy and surprise when they described the ensign of their nation, and recognized some of their brethren whom they imagined slain. The hopes of Marano were revived. She enquired eagerly for Oneyo. "He perished," answered an Indian. She grew pale, her voice faltered, faint and speechless she fell back on the throbbing breast of Ononthis. "He perished," continued the Indian, "and with him the prime of our warriors. The armies of France and Britain were marshalled beneath the walls of Quebec. Direful was the havoc of battle. The earth trembled with the shock of the onsets. The air was tortured with repeated peals. The commanders of both armies were slain. The fall was glorious, for their souls were undaunted. Repentment inflamed the combatants. Keen and obdurate was the encounter. Albion at length prevailed. Her sons like a rapid torrent overthrew the ranks of their adversaries. We counselled Oneyo to retire. Raging against the foe, and performing feats of amazing valour, we saw him enveloped beyond all hope of retreat. We saw the impetuosity of a youthful warrior who brandished

a bloody sword, rushing on to destroy him. We hastened from the field of death. We carried some time in the adjacent forests, and observed the progress of the foe. The walls of our allies were overthrown. The sword of Albion will pursue us, and our shield, our gallant warrior, our Oneyo is no more."

This melancholy recital filled the audience with lamentation. But their sorrow was interrupted by the sudden astonishment of the narrator. Casting his eye accidentally on the Briton—"Seize him, tear him," he exclaimed; "his was the uplifted sword I beheld! It was he cleft the breast of our chieftain! It was he that destroyed him."

The resentment of the assembly was again inflamed. "I am innocent of his blood," said the captive. But his declaration, and the entreaties of Ononthis in his behalf, were lost in furious screams and imprecations. They dragged him again to the place of sacrifice. Marano, distracted with contending woes, "Spare him! spare him!" she exclaimed, "he is my brother!" Fixing her eyes on him with a look of exquisite anguish, "whose hands are red with the blood of my husband! and was there none but thee to destroy him?" "Fear him!" exclaimed the multitude. Marano clasped him to her bosom, and turning to the outrageous and menacing crowd, with a wild and frantic demeanour, "Bloody, bloody though he be, I will defend him or perish! Let the same javelin transfix us both! Smite, and our kindred gore shall be mingled." The transcendent greatness of her calamity, who had lost a husband by the hand of a brother, and the restless energy of her features, expressive of woe, tenderness and despair, awed the violence of the assembly, and disposed them to pity. Ononthis took advantage of the change. He waved his hand with parental love and authority. His holy looks gave dignity to his gesture. The usual benignity of his countenance was softened with sorrow. He spoke the language of his soul, and was eloquent; spoke the language of feeling, and was persuasive. They listened to him with profound veneration, were moved, and deferred the sacrifice. He then comforted Marano, and conveyed the captive to a place of security.

When they were apart from the multitude, "Tell me," said he to the Briton, "are you guiltless of the death of my son?" "I know not," he replied, for he had resumed the pride of indignant courage; "I know not whom I have slain. I drew my sword against the foes of my country, and I am not answerable for the blood I have spilt." "Young man," said Ononthis, full of solicitude and paternal tenderness, "O reflect on a father's feelings. I had an only son. He was valiant. He was the prop and solace of my old age; if he hath gone down to darkness and the grave, I have no longer any joy in existence. But if he lives, and lives by thy clemency, the prayers of an old man shall implore blessings upon thee, and the great Spirit shall reward thee." While he was yet speaking, a tear rose in his eye, his voice faltered, he sighed—"O, tell me if my son survives!"

"I slew him not," he replied. "I know not that I slew thy son. To his name and quality I

was a stranger. In the heat of encounter a gallant Indian assailed me. He was tired and exhausted. I disarmed him, and my sword was lifted against his life." "Briton," said he, with a resolute tone, "think not that death dismays me. I have braved perils and the sword. I am not a suppliant for myself. I have an aged parent whose life depends upon mine: The wife of my bosom is a stranger among my people, and I alone can protect her." "Generous youth," replied, "go comfort and protect thy friends: I sent him forth with from the field. I never inquired into his condition, for in preserving him I obeyed the dictates of my heart. Marano and Ononthis were overjoyed. But reflecting that many days had elapsed since the discomfiture of their allies, and that hitherto they received no intelligence of Oneyo, their joy suffered abatement.

Meantime Ononthis counselled his daughter to conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and preserve them there, till by his influence and authority he had appeased the violence of his brethren. "Judge not unfavourably of my nation," said he, "from this instance of impetuosity. They follow the immediate impulse of nature, and are often extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will soon abate, and reason will resume her authority. You see nature unrestrained, but not perverted; luxuriant, but not corrupt. My brethren are wrathful; but not latent or lasting enmity they are utter strangers."

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed to their hamlets. The sky was calm and unclouded. The full orb'd moon in serene and solemn majesty arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled breast of the lake. The grey hills and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade, save the interrupted wailing of matrons, who lamented the untimely death of their sons. Marano, with the captive, issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore, till they arrived at a narrow unfrequented recess. It was open to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain, and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. Marano conversed along with her brother; she poured out her soul in his sympathizing bosom; she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was folded gently around her, a balmy slumber surprized them. Their features even in sleep preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocent on the lips of Marano, her countenance was ineffably tender, and her tresses lay careless on her snowy bosom. The features of Sidney, of a bolder and more manly expression, seemed full of benignity and complacency. Calm and untroubled was their repose; they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon in unrivalled glory had now attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of



rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe was advancing, and the dripping oars arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boatmen, silent and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man, of a keen and animated aspect, arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear, armed with a bow and a javelin, having left his companions, was hastening along the shore. It was Oneyo. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal. By the skilful application of herbs and balsams his cure was at length effectuated, and he returned impatient to his nation.

"I will return secretly," he said. "I will enjoy the sorrow and regret of Marano and of my brethren, who doubtless believe me dead. I will enjoy the ecstasy of their affection, and their surprize on my unexpected arrival. My lovely Marano now laments unconsol'd. I will hasten to relieve her, and press her weeping with joy to my faithful transported bosom."

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture, that occupied the soul of Oneyo when he discovered Marano in the arms of a stranger. He recoiled. He stood motionless in an agony of grief, and anger, and astonishment. Pale and trembling he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognized her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, "Faithless and inconstant," he cried, "and is this my expected meeting! In the arms of a stranger! Arrogant invader of my felicity! He shall perish! His blood shall expiate his offence." Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow, and recognized his deliverer. Surprize and horror seized him. "Injured by my deliverer! By him whom my soul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood! My life he preserved. Would to Heaven he had slain me! Thus injured and betrayed Oneyo shall not live. Thou great universal Spirit, whose path is in the clouds! Whose voice is in the thunder! and whose eye pierces the heart! O conduct me to the blissful valley, for Oneyo will not live." He sighed. "One look, one parting look for my love. I believed her faithful; for her I lived; for her I die." He advanced towards her; he gazed on her with anguish and regret. "She will not weep for me! Faithless and inconstant. She will exult! Exult to behold me bleeding! And shall it be? For this have I cherished her? Lavished my soul on her? To be betrayed? To give her love to a stranger?" He paused, trembled, his countenance grew fierce, his eye wild, he grasped his javelin.—Marano named him; her voice was soft and plaintive; her visions were of Oneyo. "O come," she said, "hasten to thy love! Tarry not, my Oneyo! How I long to behold thee!" "For this," said he, "I'll embrace thee." He embraced her; she awoke, discovered her husband, and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in fierce indignation. "Away," he cried, "go cherish thy stranger. Away perfidious!" She followed him trembling and aghast. "He is my brother." "Thy brother—Stranger," said he to the Briton, who now approached him, "you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me then, am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guiltful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life."

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: He related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by the morning to the village. Oneyo received them with becoming gladness, and he lay was crowned with rejoicing.

#### EPIMOUQUE to the DRAMATIST.

Written by M. P. Andrews, Esq. Spoken by Mr. Lewis, in the Character of Vapid.

As he advances, the curtain suddenly drops.

GADSO, I'm caught! the wags have shut me out?

But why? my part's to scribble, not to spout; I could write Epilogues for all who seek 'em; But may my play be damn'd, if I can speak 'em—"Die all! die nobly!" that the plan, my boys—Fun, fire, and pathos; metre, mirth and noise; To make you die with laughter, or the hiccups, Tickle your favourites, or smash your tea-cups, Vapid's the man; have at ye, great and small—Here will I stand, and dramatise you all.

Come forth my javelin (*pulls out a pencil*) strike th' astonish'd town;

Say, shall I write you up, or cut you down?

Nay, never tremble, gents—or flink away:

'Tis what we authors suffer every day.

Stop that thin Jemmy, in the thickset coat,

Him with the towel underneath his throat;

If so tied up, he plays the willing fool,

I'll hang him up at once to ridicule.

Perhaps 'twill help to keep the lobby quiet,

And save it from this nightly noise and riot.

And you, my little madam in the bonnet,

Don't grin, I'll have you down, depend upon it;

For while so furbelow'd a screen you keep,

Not one behind can get a single peep.

S'blood! when my play appears, what crouds there'll be!

What an o'erflowing house methinks I see!

Here, box-keeper, are these my places?—No—

Madam Van Bulk has taken all that row.

Then! I'll go back—you can't—you can—the fibs—

Keep down your elbows, or I'll break your ribs.—

Zounds, how you squeeze! of what, d'ye think one made is?

Is this your wig, Sir? No, Sir, it's *that* Lady's.

Then the side-boxes—what delightful rows!

Peers, Poets, Nabobs, Jews and Prentice Beaux!

Alderman Cramp, a gouty rich old cit,

With his young bride so lovingly will sit;

While a gay rake, who sees the happy pair,

A bliss so wonderful resolves to share.

He whispers madam, *You've a charming spouse,*

*So neat in limb, and then so smooth his brows!*

Sir, I don't understand you—what's say, dove?

Nothing, my duck, I'd only dropt my glove—

To-morrow, at the Fruit-shop, will you come?

At twelve o'clock—Lord, Sir, how you presume!

Who's that that *scrudges*?—you shan't shove my wife—

I shove her! a good joke, upon my life!

Leave him to me—how dare you thus to treat me?

I dare do any thing, if you'll but meet me.

Me meet a man? I shouldn't have thought of you!

At twelve, indeed! I can't get out 'till two.

Then all the parties, whether pleas'd or not,

Turn tow'ards the stage, and muse upon the plot,

To catch the author at some *that* or *therefore*,

And praise or damn him, without why or wherefore.

If such friends cherish, or such foes assail,

Who knows but even my *Comedy* may fail?

Should then my writing prove but time mispent.

Let me but act to please, and I'm content.

#### PARADOX.

FOUR people sat down in one evening to play, They play'd all that eve', and parted next day;

Cou'd you think, when you're told, as thus they all sat,

No other play'd with them, nor was there one bet;

Yet, when they rose up, each gained a guinea, Tho' none of 'em lost to th' amount of a penny.

#### A BUSY MAN

IS one that seems to labour in every man's calling but his own, and like *Robin Good-Fellow*, does any man's drudgery that will let him. He is like an ape, that loves to do whatsoever he sees others do; and is always as busy as a child at play. He is a great undertaker, and commonly as great an under-performer. His face is like a Lawyer's Backram bag, that has always business in it; and as he trots about, his head travels as fast as his feet. He covets his neighbours business, and his own to meddle, not do. He is very lavish of his advice, and gives it freely, because it is worth nothing, and he knows not what to do with it himself. He is a common *Barterer* for his pleasure, that takes no money, but pettifoggs gratis. He is very inquisitive after every man's occasions, and charges himself with them like a public Notary. He is a great overseer of state-affairs; and can judge as well of them before he understands the reasons, as afterwards. He is excellent at preventing inconveniences, and finding out remedies, when it is too late; for like prophecies, they are never heard of till it is too purpose. He is a great reformer, always contriving of expedients, and will press them with as much earnestness, as if himself and every man he meets had power to impose them on the nation. He is always giving aim to state-affairs, and believes by screwing of his body he can make them shoot which way he pleases. He enquires into every man's history, and makes his own commentaries upon it, as he pleases to fancy it. He wonderfully affects to seem full of employments, and borrows men's business only to put on and appear in; and then returns it back again, only a little worse. He frequents all public places, and like a pillar in the old Exchange is hung with all men's business both public and private; and his own is only to expose them. He dreads nothing so much as to be thought at leisure, though he is never otherwise, for though he be always doing, he never does any thing.

ANECDOTE of Mr. B——, an eminent Lawyer.

THIS gentleman being engaged to defend a criminal, in a certain county, where he had just been qualified, and finding from the nature of the testimony, that his client had no chance of escaping, by the usual subtilty of a counsel for, hit upon the following expedient for effecting his deliverance:

After the prosecutor had stated the the evidence, which was full and clear against the prisoner, Mr. B—— began as follows:

"May it please the Court, and you, Gentlemen of the Jury.

"Having been employed by the prisoner at the Bar, it will be naturally expected that I am about to enter on his defence. But this being my first appearance in this court, I am happy in an opportunity of establishing a character for candour; a character which I shall ever be studious to preserve. Instead, therefore of wishing to screen my client from condign punishment, I am anxious to bring him to it. The infamous character of the wretch renders it necessary to expunge him from that society, against which he has been so notorious an offender. I see but one difficulty in the way, gentlemen of the jury; the present indictment is supported by kinds of testimony; for certainly the prosecutor has produced none, you have sworn, "to give the verdict according to the evidence." But gentlemen when the nature of this case is considered—when you take in view the universal bad repute of this man—and the mischiefs that he may still perpetrate if suffered to escape.—I should hope that no stress will be laid upon your oath—that,"



Here he was interrupted by one of the jury addressing the court.—Sir, I hope this gentleman will not be suffered to proceed. Does he suppose we are unacquainted with the sacred nature of an oath? We assure the gentleman that, however light he may make of it, no consideration should tempt us to perjure ourselves. Mr. B.—sat down: The jury retired; and, to prove their awful sense of the sanctity of an oath, returned immediately with a verdict—"Not Guilty."

NEW-YORK, October 13.

#### CAPTURE of LA FAYETTE.

BY accounts from France per the Parly, Rutledge, Capt. M'Pherson, via Philadelphia, to late as the 26th of August last, we hear the King was still safe in the temple and had not been tried. The Duke of Brunswick was marching towards Paris, and had threatened to put every person to the sword there in case of opposition. The Marquis de La Fayette, with eight of his principal officers, had all been taken prisoners, by the Austrian peasant, as he and those eight officers were reconnoitering the Austrian lines, and the Marquis is now lodged in the castle of Antwerp. This account comes from a respectable merchant at Ostend; it was however the general opinion, that the Marquis with eight brave officers well armed, would never suffer themselves to be taken by countrymen, unless they had premeditated the business themselves. This gave rise to strong suspicions, that the Marquis and those officers, seeing that their lives were in hourly danger in France, had fallen upon this mode of deserting over to the Austrians—but in opposition to this, it was said, that as the Marquis and his party whilst reconnoitering, had not worn their uniforms, but were taken in disguise, this will furnish the Duke of Brunswick with an excuse as treating them as spies, and consequently the Marquis will lose his life.

Under these ideas it cannot be presumed, that he would leave his own army, although his life might have been there endangered to risk a worse fate from the hands of the Austrians; at all events, it was the generally received opinion, that he had been taken with his own consent. And until we hear further accounts, we must remain in this state of suspense respecting French politics. The people at Ostend are of opinion, that the Duke of Brunswick is able to march through all France without meeting much opposition. This, however, is easier to speak, than it may be found in acting.

The Capt. of the same vessel who brought the above account, briefly states it thus:—

That the day before he sailed, intelligence was received at Ostend of the capture of the Marquis de la Fayette, on or about the 20th of the same month, by the Austrians. The only particulars relating to this extraordinary circumstance, which Capt. M'Pherson could collect, were, that the Marquis, accompanied by a number of officers and attendants, in all 17 persons, reconnoitering the Austrian lines, was seized by a small party of peasants, and conducted to the citadel of Antwerp. Capt. M'Pherson believes that the above information may be relied on, having received it from several persons of veracity; and says, was officially communicated to the magistrates of Ostend. He did not learn that any thing of importance had transpired at Paris since the events of 10th August, but understood, that the French army was in the greatest disorder, and that the Austrians had captured several strong posts.

It was also reported, that the Duke of Brunswick had commenced his march for Paris; and

strong suspicions were entertained against M. La Fayette, respecting his capture.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Cape Francois, to his friend in Philadelphia, dated September 18.

"At last the forces under the command of General Desparbes arrived yesterday. They consist of 6400 men, of whom 4000 are national guards. The new civil commission arrives with them. The General appears ready to dispense with ceremony and etiquette and is anxious only for the safety of the remains of the unfortunate colony.

"The civil commissioners are busy in preparing proclamations previous to exerting the strong arm of power.

"It was full time that this succour should arrive, the unhappy province of Cayes is nearly ruined, and by the manoeuvres of an infernal cabal the slaves of the parish of Grus Morne were driven to follow the example of the rebels in the northern part.

"The timely and courageous exertions of the inhabitants of Borgne, aided by colour citizens, have dispersed some bands and destroyed 3 or 400 insurgents besides capturing 100, 50 of whom have been executed; the remainder are kept for examination to endeavour at discovering the movers of the insurrection."

A letter from the municipality of Port-de-Paix to the Colonial Assembly of St. Domingo, interred in a Cape Francois paper of the 9th ult. contains an agreeable account of the cordial re-union of the people of colour, free blacks and whites in that quarter. It says:

"The citizens of Port-de-Paix have effected a reform in the national guard, and have composed the two first companies of an equal portion of white and coloured citizens; officers have been chosen, apportioned in the same manner.—These two companies have sworn, under arms, to forget the old causes of dissension, and have promised to denounce those who, by their affections or conversation, should endeavour anew to create disturbances.

"They afterwards went to M. Vincent's, a free negro, and wealthy proprietor, Captain of the second company, who gave them a splendid entertainment, at which M. Calamajor, the municipal officers and a number of citizens, white and of colour assisted. Good humour was also one of the guests. Patriotic toasts were drank, and the advantages of a cordial re-uniform were sung.

"The same evening, M. Coilas, Captain of the first company gave a ball. Several white ladies, as well as of colour assisted;—the municipality, M. Calamajor, the officers of the troops of the line and of the national navy, the grenadiers of the 41st regiment, and a great number of citizens of every class, formed a crowded company.

"All was harmony and cordiality, and an excellent supper concluded the fete. The company separated late in the evening, well satisfied with the pleasing effects of this friendly meeting, and fully persuaded, that nothing but unanimity and a friendly union of all classes of citizens can save the colony."

Falmouth, (Jamaica) August 28.—On the morning of the 3d instant in lat. 21. 40. N. long. 71. 40. W. the ship Bee, Capt. Hunter, on her passage from Wilmington, North-Carolina, to this port, encountered a very severe gale of wind, which blew from the N. E. While the vessel was laying too the got upon her beam-ends, and, on cutting away the masts, immediately righted; but on examining the pumps, found six feet water in the hold: every exertion was then made use of to save the vessel, but to no purpose. At 11 A. M. she was full to the deck; in this dreadful situation, the Captain and crew retired to the after part of

the vessel, where they remained two days and two nights, lashed to the quarter, and heavy seas washing over them, expecting every moment would put a period to their existence; during this time, Capt. Hunter lost one of his men through fatigue. On the Sunday following, the survivors took to the boat, without sails, oars or any sustenance, except a few biscuits and a little water. On Wednesday they were drifted down the Caicos, where they procured a small boat with sails &c. to carry them to some of the West-India Islands. After taking their departure, they fell in with the schooner Good Hope, Capt. Hall, of Middleton, bound to Cape Francois, to whom they applied to be taken on board, but the master, regardless of their distressed situation, inhumanly refused. Same day they were fortunately taken up by the brig Sisters, Captain Buck, from New-London, bound to Port-Martin, who, after every mark of kindness, landed them at the latter port on the 17 instant.

Last evening the 3d CENTURY of the DISCOVERY of AMERICA (alias Columbia) by CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, was celebrated in this city, by the Tammany Society, or Columbian Order. On this occasion a portable monumental obelisk was exhibited at the great Wigwam, amid the plaudits of the beholders. A number of patriotic songs were sung and toasts given suitable to the occasion.

#### MARRIED

On Sunday the 30th ult. at Second River, by the Rev. Mr. Ogden, Mr. ISAAC BOGART, formerly of Flatbush, to Miss SUSANNAH WHITTEN, of New-York.

On Tuesday evening the 2d instant, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. JOHN JOHNSON, to Miss ELIZABETH SHEVER—both of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Femes, Mr. JAMES HARPER, of this city, to Miss SUSANNAH FURMAN, daughter of Mr. Jonathan Furman, of Newtown, Long Island.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Montaynie, Mr. JAMES THOMPSON, to Miss ELIZABETH MONTAYNIE, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Montaynie—both of this city.

#### DIED

On Tuesday the 2d instant, after a tedious illness, at Hunt's Point, Westchester, Mr. STEPHEN DRAKE, of this city.—A young gentleman universally esteemed and greatly regretted.

At Augusta (Georgia) last Month, Mr. ARCHIBALD BLAIR, formerly of this city.

#### CHEMICAL FIRE,

PUT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful for those who travel by land or water, and very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by applying a common match. No family ought to be without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by

WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.

No. 43, corner of Queen-street and Beekman-slip, Who has also for sale, a large assortment of

Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c.

Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for CASH.

N. B. Country traders and others, ordering goods from this store, may depend upon being served with fidelity and dispatch

#### WANTED

TO learn the Mantua Making business, a young girl of good character and reputable connexion. None need apply unless of the above description.—For further particulars, enquire of the Printer.



## Court of Apollo.

ADVICE to the LADIES,  
Not to neglect the DENTIST.

SINCE time too soon the race of man impairs,  
And age comes on with all its pains and cares,  
Why then by nature subject to decay,  
Ah! why invite what art might long delay?  
For to the bloom of health, neglect and sloth  
Corrodes the ivory of the loveliest tooth,  
And that coarse breath where ev'ry sweet might  
dwell,  
Tempt the nice beau to slight the careless belle,  
And think no longer 'tis heaven to sip,  
Loves draft of pleasure from the Damask lip.

The Dentist's care, bright maids, can shield from  
harm  
And to your kisses lend a thousand charms,  
Safe from the ills of torture and decay  
Love there would perch, and all his flames display;  
Low at their shrine more constant lovers fall  
Who leave not nature to accomplish all—  
Revere that art which thus prevents your pain,  
Which ages past have fought, but fought in vain;  
So shall your lovers to their oaths be true,  
And years elaps'd each beauty still be new;  
While *you*, who proudly wou'd all art despise,  
And trusts alone the conquests of her eyes,  
Too soon beholds her wanted influence lost,  
Neglected wit, and love congeal'd to frost;  
In vain her rouge the mask of health restores,  
No more the lover sighs, the slaves adore;  
Insulting prudes no more a rival fear,  
But cruel whispers thus insult her ear:  
In *Loves* bright circle, why shou'd they be seen  
Whose toothless charms encroach on gay sixteen.

An Elegant  
BELLOWS TOP CHAISE,  
And a RIDING CHAIR, exceeding  
cheap for cash; also,  
A quantity of best Gold Size. By  
ANTHONY OGILVIE,

No. 7, Wall-Street, near Federal Hall.  
WHO returns his sincere thanks for the en-  
couragement he has received from his friends,  
and the public in general, and hopes, by a close atten-  
tion to his business, to merit a continuance.  
COACH, HOUSE, SIAIP and SIGN Paint-  
ing, performed in the neatest manner, and on the  
most reasonable terms. He trusts he will give satis-  
faction to all those who will honour him with their  
employment.

New York, September 29, 1792. tf.

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this Office.

## THE MORALIST.

MOST of the crimes which disturb the in-  
ternal peace of society, are produced by  
the restraints which the necessary, but unequal  
laws of property, have imposed on the appetites  
of mankind, by confining to a few the possession  
of many. Of all our passions and appetites, the  
love of power is of the most imperious and unfo-  
rable nature, since the pride of one man re-  
quires the submissions of the multitude. In the  
tumult of civil discord, the laws of society lose  
their force, and the place is seldom supplied by  
those of humanity. The ardour of contention,  
the pride of victory, the despair of success, the  
memory of past injuries, and the fear of future  
dangers, all contribute to inflame the mind, and  
to silence the voice of pity. From such motives  
almost every page of history has been stained by  
civil blood.

## ANECDOTE.

A Speculator in a neighbouring city, having  
some spare money by him, observed to a  
friend of his, (a jolly Irishman) that he had con-  
cluded to purchase a coach by way of realizing  
the cash, as it was an old saying, that money had  
wings and might fly away, and therefore he would  
make sure of it in time—*Arrah, my dear, said*  
*Teague, Remember if money has wings, a coach*  
*also has wheels!*

IN pursuance of an order of the honorable John  
Stojs Hobart, Esq. one of the justices of the Su-  
preme court of judicature of the state of New-York,  
upon the petition of John Tanner of the city of New-  
York, mariner, an insolvent debtor, in conjunction  
with so many of his creditors as have debts, bona  
fide, due and owing to them from the said John  
Tanner, amounting to at least three fourth parts of  
all the monies due and owing by him, all the credi-  
tors of the said John Tanner are hereby notified to  
show cause if any they have, before the said judge,  
at his chambers, situated in Crown street, in the  
city of New-York, on Saturday the twenty-fourth  
day of November next, at ten of the clock in the  
forenoon of the same day, why an assignment of the  
said insolvent's estate should not be made, and the  
said insolvent discharged, agreeably to the directions  
of an act of the Legislature of the state of New-  
York aforesaid, entitled "An act for giving relief  
in cases of insolvency," passed the 21st day of March,  
in the year 1788. Dated this 26th day of Sep-  
tember, 1792. JOHN TANNER.

Peter A. Schenck, one of the petitioning credi-  
tors.

## EVENING SCHOOL,

WILL be opened by JOHN WINCHELL, on  
Monday evening the 8th of October, first  
door North of the Friends Meeting-House, where  
he still continues to teach young Ladies and Gentle-  
men the various branches of English Literature.—  
The proficiency which his pupils make, especially in  
writing, encourage him to hope for the favour of  
those who wish to have their children well and speed-  
ily taught on the most reasonable terms.

New-York, Sept. 29, 1792.

29—15.

Just Published, and to be Sold at this Office,  
SHORT INTRODUCTION  
CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.  
Designed particularly for the use of the Protestant  
Episcopal Church, at Oyster-Bay.  
By ANDREW FOWLER, A. B.

## S. -L O Y D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,  
BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public  
in general, that she carries on the above bu-  
siness in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Dock  
street.—She returns her most grateful acknow-  
ledgments to her friends and the public for past fa-  
vours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their  
commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to  
give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.  
January 2, 1792. 93 1y.

## TO THE CURIOUS.

WILL be exhibited for an evening's enter-  
tainment, at the corner of Beekman and  
Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary  
phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE,  
which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a  
beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is  
calculated to please and surprise, by returning  
pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions  
proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or  
in an audible voice. It will also ask questions  
which are always consistent with decency and pro-  
priety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the  
emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this  
very figure in his mind's eye.

"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,  
"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."

In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures,  
a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and  
Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire—Ad-  
mittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2 each, and  
Children 1 each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every  
evening (Sundays excepted.) 181f

## LIVERY STABLES.

THE Subscriber informs his friends and the public  
in general, that he has furnished himself with a  
convenient stable, No. 5, Bridge-street, next door but  
one to Mr. Goode's Tailor-Chandlery, nearly opposite  
the Exchange, for the reception of Horses and Carri-  
ages by the day, week, month or year, at the very low-  
est prices. He has at the above stable, elegant Saddle  
& carriage horses for sale: He likewise has, for the  
convenience of Ladies and Gentlemen, elegant Saddle  
Horses and Carriages to hire, at as low a rate  
as any in this city. Wm. WELLS.

New-York, July 20, 1792.

## MAIL DILIGENCE STAGE OFFICE.

At the City-Tavern.

THE Public will please to take notice that  
the Proprietors of the Mail Diligence, have  
altered the hour of starting, from three o'clock  
in the afternoon, to twenty minutes after eight  
o'clock in the morning: This Stage admits but  
seven seats, and leaves Powles Hook on Mon-  
day, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Fri-  
day mornings, and at 4 o'clock, on every Friday  
afternoon: All application for seats in this Stage  
must be made to JAMES CARR, at the office.

Mr. Carr will engage for the conveyance of ex-  
presses, extra stages, &c.

Fare of a passenger, 4 dols.

150 wt of baggage, 4 dols.

Feb. 18. J. M. CUMMINGS, & Co.

## PRINTING

In General, executed at this Office with neatness  
accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable  
as any in this City.